

# The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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(WHOLE NO. 95.)

WRITTEN FOR THE GREENSBORO TIMES.

ISABELLA HARROLL;

OR,

## The Inebriate Restored.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

Evening was coming on silently with the cold shades and gloomy aspect, as Isabella Harroll sat near the waning fire, the coals of which were fast turning to embers—there occasionally emitting from her saddened heart a mournful sigh, as her husband entered the room cross and peevish and uttering words, which three years before would have sounded frightful even to his own ears. For now he was changed, greatly changed. Then he was one of the most moral and exemplary young men in the village. Then, no oath had passed his lips—then, no intoxicating poison had reddened his eye—nor had any haunt of vice drawn him away from the paths of virtue. O! what a contrast between his present and past course of life. Before the bacchanalian cup had charmed his eye, he was the pride of the village and the idol of his kindred. His parents rejoiced in him as the best ideal of perfection. Many a young associate too envied him, as he saw him the most popular of the beaux. Isabella most of all congratulated herself on her having secured his love. Nor did he feel less joyful to think that he should possess so fair a flower for his bride. But the flower was fading now—oh! it had already faded! Three years had brought many bright days, but alas! many dark ones to succeed them. Charles Harroll had become quite a politician—had forsaken his business almost, to gratify his ambition in this line of things—had deserted his old comrades, and made new ones; had left the noble and joined the vulgar.

And Isabella had witnessed all this. She saw him the first night when he returned home from a political meeting all enthusiasm in regard to it—when his vociferations indicated an artificial stimulant when for the first time an angry word passed his lips as he spoke to the companion of his bosom. And she felt that first keen pang too, on that eventful night, which foreboded wretchedness to his fortune—to himself—to her! And oh! what a pang it was! Death to every grateful anticipation—disappointment to every hope—extinction to every brilliant ray of happiness!

A little more than a year, since her marriage, had passed away, ere the light of the sun prescuted to her anxious eyes the face of her husband in the charms of an infant. Then she rejoiced over the little idol and her joy was mingled with its darling father's. Nor did the serpent enter the blooming Eden of her home, till some six months after this noted time. But scarcely had the young representative of its father begun to appear most enchanting to his eye, ere in the wine cup, he saw more attractive charms. His party had enticed him away; and his ambitious aspirations "justified his present indulgence." Indeed he must set an example of such a character as that others would follow it—and following it would follow him. He must sell himself and buy up his party. He must secure their favor or lose the office to which he aspired! So he imagined and he acted accordingly.

Isabella saw the future with a prophetic eye and wept at the prospect. But what she wept for, they were merely the marks of derision. The more she wept, the more he raved. His love died within him, and her spirit within her. And what a scene did this once lovely home now present to the view? Joy and peace had fled! reproaches and execrations had taken their place! yet Isabella strove to hear—but oh! how hard was the trial! How hard was it to be most hated by the one by whom she ought to have been most loved! And then the little Harroll was to grow up under such influences and subject to such a blight! His father was to be an inebriate—himself possibly, should he live, the same. Alas! for the inebriate's wife; has she not much to endure? Still her comfort was her little child. Without him she would have been lonely indeed! For now Charles often staid out till midnight; later even at times—and always returned home intoxicated—and unable to stand alone. What a companion for one educated in all the refinements and delicacies of social life.

Nor during all this time did Charles Harroll spare his pecuniary means. His property ran to waste. Soon it was entirely gone! Dissipation—recklessness—luxury swept it all away! Penny and penny succeeded. And yet Isabella did not absolutely give way to the storm, that compassed her. She resorted to the needle for the means of support. Her little girls, thus acquired, she scarcely could keep from the hands of her arbitrar-

master. If possible, he would abstract them and hasten away to the dram-shop to secure his wonted potion, even though his wife and child failed to receive the scanty loaf of bread! O! to what extremities will not inebriety drive even the loveliest of Heaven's works—the image of the great Creator!

Two more years thus passed away—years to Isabella of sorrow and gloom. Often did she long as she gazed at the grave-yard to make that gloomy receptacle of the departed, her resting place—to lie down beneath some one of its sacred monuments, undisturbed by others, and untroubled at the thought of blasted hopes and unrequited love.

Her child now a beautiful boy was her only tie to earth. For him she was willing still to live—for him to toil—for him to suffer. But for him she would have preferred to die.

"Death," she cried, "will thou not take me from this wretched world away? Friends and kindred all forsake me, Why should I yet here delay?"

Heaven, I trust, will glad receive me, When to Earth I bid adieu; Nor to part from time, will grieve me, Since my life I still renew.

Once a flower the world esteem'd me Blooming in its native pride; Worthy of their love too, deem'd me, And exalted at my side.

Now a blighted thing they view me Scarcely fit to meet their eyes; Even with their scorn pursue me And my very name despise.

Yet hath hatred never sway'd me Never prompted me to pine; Nor affection's loss has lade me Spurn the ways of power divine!

For I know beyond the skies are Treasures kept for me in store, And that all my clouds that rise are Soon to vanish ever more!

The voice of Heaven consoled Isabella, as it now does many a poor inebriate's unfortunate wife—and sustained her in every trial. At the same time she was rendered more enlivened by the fond expectation or at least anxious desire, that she might be able, notwithstanding the untoward influences in the way, "to train up her darling child in the way that he should go."

But storms some times pass away in this world, not the storms in the heavens do we mean, for they never remain long—but the storms of life. The inebriate is sometimes reformed—O! that the case might occur oftener—for when it does occur, the wilderness of the heart is made glad and the desert of the mind rejoices and blossoms as the rose.—Isabella's sun was thus again to rise in its splendor and to set without a cloud!

One cold stormy night a rap was heard at the door—late—very late; and trembling in every limb, Isabella hastened to see what was the matter for with the rap were heard voices and one for which she listened she did not hear;—one that she had been most accustomed to hear—for it was always resounded with oaths and execrations as it came near the house—but now no oath was heard—no cursing.

"Ah," said she, "Charles is dead! and they have brought him home—poor fellow! Oh! that I had kept him at home this cold stormy night and indeed I did try to; but go he would—yet possibly I could have done more to persuade him."

Such thoughts, as in an instant, passed through her mind—before she could unlock the door, and bid the strangers enter.

At length the door was opened, nor was it long in opening though it seemed long to Isabella, in her fright and agitation, and lo! as she gazed at his face, beseeemed to be a corpse!

"O! my Charles!" she cried, "are you indeed dead? Is he dead gentlemen, is he?"

"We do not know," they cried—"we found him on the railway lifeless to all appearance and hearing that this was his home, we have brought him here. He is not cold, madam—he is hardly dead."

"My Charles," she said, "speak, O! speak to me—your Isabella; you are at home now."

Charles appeared not to have been injured in his body and yet he was motionless. Fortunately the cars had been delayed an hour that night; and thus he was saved, yet he was apparently very ill,—too ill to speak—perhaps chilled through and therefore motionless. In an hour or two he began from the friction of his limbs and other appliances, to revive and to resume his natural color. Still it was nearly morning before he was fully conscious. Then he was unaware of what had passed.

"And now," said Isabella, "Charles, you speak to me—your Isabella; you are at home now."

Charles said, "I am at home now, but I am not at home in my mind. I am not at home in my mind, but I am at home in my body."

Charles said, "I am at home now, but I am not at home in my mind. I am not at home in my mind, but I am at home in my body."

brought yourself—you were conducted home last night by strangers and still, are unconscious of it! Nor is this all!"

"Isabella," said he, "are you jesting with me?"

"No indeed I never jest with you—and never have; and should I jest with you now about a most serious matter? Why last night when you were brought home you looked like a corpse. Indeed I thought you were one!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and that is not all."

"And what more?"

"Why you were not able to utter a solitary word even for two hours! so chilled were you by the cold!"

"Indeed I have no recollection of it."

"Oh! how it does pain me to think that you are lost to all shame, you, Charles, once my dearest dear; and dear still—but oh! how changed!—look Charles, in this glass. Is that the man, that I married three years ago?—no;—Charles no. I never married such a looking object as that—no my dear, nor did you ever marry such a looking creature as I now am!—O! my ruined Charles, have I changed or you?—or both?—ah! both, not in heart no! but you have changed in looks and heart too!"

"And I will change again Isabella."

"Never, Charles, never—you have said so before, and yet you only change from bad to worse. But do you know where you were found last night?"

"No indeed I know nothing about it."

"Well will you go with me and see?"

"Why should I?"

"Why should you not?"

"I see no object in it. It was not a bad place for I went to none."

"Not to the dram shop, Charles?"

"Why, yes—do you mean there?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"O! come go with me and see."

Isabella took her darling little boy by the hand and led him along, the father accompanying them, and yet reluctantly, for he did not know what the object was of taking him to the place nor where the place might be.

They reached the railway.

"There," said Isabella—"there you lay directly across the track and had not the cars been detained, by some providential circumstance, where would you have been now?"

Charles was amazed!—he said nothing, indeed he could say nothing—but he felt—he wept.

His wife made a signal to the child to return. They went back to the house. In a few moments he said—

"Isabella, have you ever heard of the Sons of Temperance?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well I will go and sign the pledge."

"No,—my husband no—why should you—you have mortified me enough already; why will you mortify me more?"

"Would that mortify you—Isabella?"

"Charles, if you go—you will not hop by that *dram shop*, without calling in; and if you call in there you are a gone man! you will come home to-night dead!"

"No, Isabella, no! I couldn't come if I were dead."

"Ah! don't trifle Charles don't—I tremble when I think of your danger last night—and of your narrow escape from death!"

"What then shall I do—you would have me do something would you not?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Go with me to the Sons of Temperance—and let me see you sign the pledge!"

"You shall go, Isabella, and be a witness—and I swear by high—"

"No, no, Charles, don't swear there is no need of swearing—think of that railway—and your narrow escape."

"Ah! Isabella—I will—and of you too."

"No—not of me—but of this, our darling child!"

"O! Isabella—how lovely you are!"

"And how lovely you were—once!"

"And will be again!"

"Will? My heaven then will begin below!"

"And what shall I do Isabella to make amends for the past?"

"Forget it, but not me and your child."

"May my right hand forget its cunning if I ever forget you again or our dear child!"

Charles signed the pledge in the presence of his wife, kept it and his promise of fidelity to his family, and Isabella was once more the envy of the village and Charles the pride of his friends.

Afflictions are sent us by Providence, to teach us to recollect our ways.

Bacon says, justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Punch says:—"Quosque tandem abutere, Cincinnatus, patientia nostra?"

## WHAT'S MY FUTURE.

A MIDNIGHT PHANTASY.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Like the dark, the awful curtain, Midnight storms, there might exerting, Conjure up in gloom uncertain, In the sky.

In the mist my spirit veiling, Is the unknown future, quailing! Blighting hope with every falling Thought can spy.

Dark within beyond revealing, Are the frightful fancies stealing, O'er the mystic fount of feeling, In my brain.

Almost driving me to my knees, While a dark, chastic sadness, Fills the place once filled by gladness, Without stain!

What's my future? Never end of Years of torment, midst contending Demons, where hell-fires are rending, With their cries?

Or a home, with angels holy, Where the Saviour meek and lowly, Far from sin and melancholy, In the skies?

Fadeless shadows o'er me falling, Are my soul's bright fancies palling, Still I hear the sainted calling, Me above.

Where no sorrow dark is staining, Souls their final bliss attaining, But where every joy is reigning, Crowned with love!

Oh! for rest in peaceful Aeldens, Where the soul with joy is laden, Where I'll meet an angel-maiden, Gone before!

Death, nor Demons ne'er can sever Hearts that live and love forever— Heart's whose holy passion never Will be o'er!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

REV. W. H. MILBURN.

Among the many bright examples of distinction won under difficulties, the life of William Henry Milburn stands prominent. The Publishers have recently issued a volume of his lectures, bearing the title of one of his best efforts—"The Rifle, the Axe and the Saddle-Bags."

In the October number of the Southern Literary Messenger is a very interesting review of Mr. Milburn and his work, and for the benefit of such readers of the *Times* as have it not, we will condense the following facts from the brief sketch of Mr. Milburn, given in the preface to his volume of Lectures.

He spent his early childhood in Philadelphia. When but a boy, he entirely lost the use of one eye and was partially blind in the other. Despite this serious disadvantage, he has been a diligent and faithful student from boyhood to the present time. At 14 years of age, he was employed as a clerk in a store in some part of Illinois. Here he occupied his leisure hours in storing his mind with thought and by the aid of friends who read to him and his own exertions, unabated and untiring, he was prepared to enter a collegiate institution. At college his progress was rapid, and he was in a fair way to achieve distinction, when in consequence of close application, his health failed him, and "active life was prescribed as the only thing calculated to restore him to vigor."

He began his public career as a Methodist minister, and labored for two years among the cabins of the West, "suffering almost incredible hardships."

In the fall of 1845, he made his appearance in the Northern and Eastern States, as an advocate for the cause of education in the West, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm, not only on account of his intellectual qualities, but also for his amiable disposition, and eminent social virtues. On his journey north, Mr. Milburn found himself on board of an Ohio river steamer, on which were three hundred passengers. From the number of days the passengers had been together, Mr. Milburn had become pretty well informed of their character, and he found most prominent among the gentlemen, were a number of members of Congress, on their way to Washington. These gentlemen had attracted Mr. Milburn's attention, on account of their exceptional habits. On the arrival of Sabbath morning, it was rumored through the boat, that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn, who had up to this time attracted no attention, was hunted up and called upon to "give a discourse." He promptly consented, and in due time commenced divine service. The members of Congress, to whom we have alluded, were among the congregation, and by common consent had possession of the chairs nearest to the preacher. Mr. Milburn gave an address suitable to the occasion, full of eloquence and pathos, and was listened to throughout with the most intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, now beaming with fervent zeal, towards the "honorable gentlemen," he said: "Among the passengers in this steamer, are a number of members of Congress: from their position they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct, but from what I have heard of them they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe; and all the high hopes I have of the fu-

ture of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intemperance: nay more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices of gambling, profanity and drunkenness. And," continued Mr. Milburn, with the solemnity of a man who spoke as if by inspiration, "there is but one chance of salvation for these great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Saviour for forgiveness, and reform their lives."

As might be supposed, language so bold from a delicate stripling, scarcely twenty-two years of age, had a startling effect. The audience separated, and the preacher returned to his state-room, to think upon what he had said. Conscious, after due reflection, that he had only done his duty he determined at all hazards to maintain his position, even at the expense of being rudely assailed, if not lynched. While thus cogitating, a rap was heard at his state room door, a gentleman entered and stated that he came with a message from the members of Congress—that they had listened to his remarks, and in consideration of his boldness and his eloquence, they desired him to accept a purse of money which they had made up among themselves, and also, their best wishes for his success and happiness through life.

But this chivalrous feeling, so characteristic of western men when they meet bold thought and action combined, carried these gentlemen to more positive acts of kindness; becoming acquainted with Mr. Milburn, when they separated from him, they offered the unexpected service of making him their Chaplain to Congress, a promise which they not only fulfilled, but through the long years that have passed away since that event, have cherished for the "blind preacher" the warmest personal regard and stand ever ready to support him by word and deed.

His election to the office of Chaplain to Congress, so honorably conferred, brought him before the nation, and his name became familiar in every part of the Union. His health still being delicate, in the year 1847 he went south for the advantage of a mild climate, and took charge of a church in Alabama. For six years he labored industriously in Mobile and Montgomery, cities of that State, and in four years of that time, preached one thousand five hundred times, and travelled over sixty thousand miles.

In all his different spheres of ministerial labor, Mr. Milburn devoted himself to his work with the zeal and fidelity which so generally characterize the clergy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But, as may readily be understood, his blindness was a great impediment to the due fulfillment of the pastoral function under the itinerant law of the Methodist ministry. The necessity of removing a growing family from place to place every two years, was, of itself, too great a task; and, although Mr. Milburn's great power of endurance, and remarkable physical as well as mental aptitude for public speech, would make it easy for him to discharge the duties of a fixed and permanent charge, no such permanency of the pastoral relation is compatible with the general system of Methodism. In the summer of 1853 he returned to New York, and fixed his abode there. Since that period he has devoted himself, first, to his great life-work, preaching the Gospel in such churches in the city as needed occasional service in addition to, or in place of, the regular pastorate; and secondly, to the delivery of public lectures.

He is now on a visit to London, where we are informed, his lectures have awakened considerable interest.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO B.—OF VA.

BY EILENA.

I've passed through many a changing scene Since my hand was clasped in thine; Since I felt the thrill of thy soft dark eye As it fondly gazed in mine.

I've heard the joyous breathe thy name, But I acted well my part, They deemed not 'neath the glad smile I wore a breaking heart.

And when the unbidden tear would flow So quietly I'd dash it away, They'd catch but a glimpse of the heartless smile They deemed me as happy as they.

I met thee once more—at the bridal, Again I was close to thy side, And heard thee speak in thy soft, low tones To the gay and beauteous bride.

'Twas there they told me another charmed The heart which once I loved, They did not think I loved thee still With deep devotion true.

And I may never meet thee more, 'Twas best we ne'er had met, Since the dream of love so soon was o'er And the heart can ne'er forget.

'First class Oriental philosophy stand up. Thibbets what is life?' 'Life consists of—money, a horse, and a fashionable wife.'

'Next, what is death?' 'A paymaster, who settles everybody's debts and gives the tombstones and receipts in full of all demands.'

'What is poverty?' 'The reward of merit Genius generally receives from a discriminating public.'

'What is religion?' 'Doing unto others as you please, without allowing them a return of compliment.'

'What is fame?' 'A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead.'

debits and gives the tombstones and receipts in full of all demands!

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Thou Canst not Keep her Death.

BY MATILDA.

The following beautiful lines were written upon the death of a most lovely Sister. How heart touching and true to life, none can fully appreciate, but those who have passed through like trying afflictions. A depth of feeling and pure christian resignation is breathed in each line, such as none can pen, but she who feels the pointed shaft. Reader, have you lost a loved one, whose spirit was knitted in thine? With the humble spirit of Christian fortitude, say—"Lord let thy will be done on earth, not mine."

Thou canst not keep her death, thy sweetling waves May sweep a moment o'er our darling's heart, Thy shadowy wing may o'er her pure heart drop.

And her loved form be to thy bosom prest; But still O! still our treasure is not thine, The doors of heaven unfold to take her in, Where flowers of light and beauty ever bloom.

And life is free from sorrow and from sin; Bright in that land her gentle brow shall beam Crowned with the leaves of joy that never die, Thy sting is lost O! death, thy victory gone, She fades from earth to blossom in the sky.

O! God, I thank thee for the blessed hope, That fills my bosom in this hour of pain, The dear, dear hope, that what I lose on earth, Will soon be gathered to my heart again: If 'tis thy will, O! take her to thyself, But let me feel our parting is not long— I lay my hand in thine, I trust in thee.

To give me strength, O! help me to be strong, Are strong in thee, for I am very weak, And faith oft drops her pinions in the dust, And hope looks faint upon the road of life, And all seems hard, but still in thee I trust.

Yes, though thou slay me, calmly as a child That leans unfeeling on its mother's knee, And looks up ever to her loving face, Thus, thus, my Father, do I look to thee; O send thy comfort and thy peace to me, O send thy comfort and thy peace to me, O send my heart the feeling of my wine, And let me say what thou dost decree, Lord let thy will be done on earth—not mine.

That she is cherished in thy house above, Lord let thy will be done on earth—not mine, That she is cherished in thy house above, So shall the arrow that thy justice sent, To wound my soul be winged by purest love.

THE FOUR HENRYS.

The following strange tale, translated from the French, contains an account of rather a singular rencontre of four individuals who made themselves prominent in France during the middle and end of the sixteenth century, and is as follows:

One stormy evening, as the rain fell in torrents, an old woman, who lived in a miserable hut in the forest of St. Germain, and who passed in the surrounding country for a kind of witch, heard a loud knocking at her door. She opened it and a young man on horseback presented himself and craved hospitality.

By the dull light of a lamp which she held in her hand, she perceived him to be a young nobleman. He appeared to be quite young and his dress denoted rank. The old woman lighted a fire, and inquired of the stranger whether he was hungry and desired food. The appetite of the youth at sixteen is like his heart at the age—craving, and not difficult to please, he immediately accepted her offer. A morsel of cheese and a loaf of black bread from the cupboard was all the old dame could produce.

"I have nothing more," said she to the young nobleman. "This is all that your grinding titles and taxes leaves a poor creature to offer to a traveller. The peasants, too, in this country, call me a witch, and make that excuse to their conscience for stealing from me the little that my poor old field produces."

"My father," said the young man, "if ever I become King of France, I will suppress the taxes and teach the people better."

"God grant it!" replied the old woman. At these words the gentleman drew to the table to commence his repast; but at the same moment a fresh knock at the door arrested him.

The old woman opened it, and perceived another horseman drenched with rain, who also begged for shelter. The same hospitality was instantly granted him; and, on the stranger's entrance, she perceived that he too was young, and judging from his appearance, of noble descent.

"What! is it you, Henry?" cried one. "Yes, Henry," replied the other. Both were named Henry. The old woman discovered, from their conversation, that they were of the number of a large hunting party conducted by the King, Charles IX., and which had been dispersed by the storm.

"Mother," said the second comer, "have you nothing better to offer us?"

"Nothing," replied she, "I have only a little wine and some bread, but I will give you that."

"Then," said he, "we will go to sleep."

The first Henry dozed, but glancing at the resolute eye and strong frame

of the second Henry, said, in a somewhat chagrined tone—

"Agreed!—we will share equally."

He dared not express his secret motive; but he feared, if not sharing equally, his companion would appropriate the whole. They accordingly sat on either side of the table; and one had already begun to cut the bread with his dagger, when a third rap was heard at the door. The meeting was indeed singular. It was again a youth, a nobleman and a Henry. The old woman looked at them with amazement.

The first comer wished to hide the bread and cheese. The second replaced them on the table and placed his sword by the side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish, then, that I should share your supper?" said he. "Well, I can wait; I have a very strong stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs by right, to the first comer."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to him who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry became red with anger, and said haughtily, "Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to fight for it."

These words were scarcely uttered when the first Henry drew his poniard—the two others their swords. As they were just beginning the affray, they were startled by a fourth knock at the cabin-door; Henry was introduced. At the sight of a drawn sword he produces his own, and attaches himself to the weakest party, he joined in the combat.

The old woman, terrified, hid herself, and the weapons struck everything in their reach. The lamp fell down and was extinguished, but they continued to fight in the darkness. The noise of the swords lasted sometime, then gradually became less, and at length ceased altogether. Then the old woman ventured to issue forth from her hiding place and relighting the lamp, she beheld the four young men stretched on the ground, each having a slight wound. She examined them carefully, and found that fatigue rather than loss of blood overcame them.

They rose from the ground one after another, and ashamed of what had transpired in the heat of passion, they began laughing and exclaimed:

"Come, let us now sup together without any more fighting!"

But when







# THE TIMES

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THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1857.

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## PRIZES: PRIZES!

The Publishers of the Times will give a Prize of \$40 for the best original story of not less than twenty columns. And for the second best, they will give a Prize of \$20. To give competitors time, we will delay the decision until the 20th of January, and manuscripts received up to that date will be entitled to a trial for the premiums. Competent and disinterested judges will make the decision. All manuscripts will be at the disposal of the publishers after the judges have awarded the Premiums.

Competitors must mail their manuscripts to "The Times" marked "Prize," and enclose their address in a sealed envelope.

P. S. Should the Publishers deem any story, not awarded a premium, worthy of publication, they will refund the author or all the expense of postage &c.

## PUBLIC MEETING.

The members of the GREEN MONUMENT Association will hold a public meeting in the Court House on Thursday night. A number of able addresses may be expected both by citizens of Greensboro and by visiting members of the Bar. The public are invited to attend, and for the ladies especial accommodation will be provided. Let them all come and add the charms of their smiles to the eloquence of the Orators, and the meeting will prove both interesting and profitable.

**OUR BANK SUSPENSION.** An article in the Fayetteville Observer on the subject of Bank suspension North, coincides with the sentiment of our remark last week in reference to the time of suspensions in this State. The Observer says: "We think our North Carolina Banks suspended at the very right time. As long as Virginia and South Carolina stood firm, we hold that it was wiser to 'ivy duty' our Banks to do likewise, even at a large sacrifice. The State would have had reason to complain, and to feel deeply mortified, if a suspension had taken place here and been made to serve as a pretext or justification for suspension in Virginia and South Carolina. When suspended, there was no longer either reason or right for our Banks to continue to pay, and thus be drained of specie to strengthen those States."

**SOUTHWARD DRIFT OF THE COAST WATER.**—A boat has been picked up on the Atlantic beach off Currituck, North Carolina, containing a memorandum to the following effect: "Steamer City of Washington, 6th July, 1857, off Long Island, near New York, George Walmsley passenger." If this be a creditable document, (says the Norfolk Argus,) it shows a set of the ocean current to the southward along the coast, inside of the Gulf Stream, in the opposite direction of the great current. This probability is corroborated by the fact that wrecked goods from the steamer Norfolk, which foundered off Chincoteague, have drifted southward, in large quantities to the same beach where this bottle was found.

**MILLIONS OF MONEY.**—The St. Louis Intelligencer says that not less than three millions of dollars have been withdrawn from the banks and bankers of St. Louis, in the last thirty days. This was mostly good money, too. It has not left the city. It is stowed away in secret places, and will return to active employment, and to the bank vaults, with returning confidence.

**GRAIN GOING TO EUROPE.**—The New York Journal of Commerce learns from the inspector of vessels loading with grain at the port of New York, that there are not less than eighteen ships which have gone, or will go previous to the 26th instant, taking to Liverpool one million one hundred thousand bushels of grain.

**THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN** is the name of a new paper just commenced in Knoxville, Tenn., by John Mitchell, the well-known Irish exile, and W. G. Swan, an eminent citizen of East Tennessee. The first number of the Citizen is before us, a large well-filled weekly at \$2 a year in advance. The editors are men of much ability and write their opinions boldly and fearlessly. The Citizen will be a thoroughly Democratic and States-Rights Journal, and will advocate the re-opening of the Slave trade.

**NEW CONSTITUTION FOR KANSAS.**—Information has been received at Washington from an official source to the effect that the Constitutional Convention of Kansas will submit the Constitution to the people for ratification or rejection.

**THE SOUTHERN PRESS ON NORTHERN PUBLICATIONS.**—The preaching and the practice of the Southern press bears the semblance of monotheism. The doctrines are, theoretically, correct, and are preached with quite anunction of fervency. But too often the auditory is forced to cry out, "Physician heal thyself." When we find wholesale denunciations of Northern publications in a Southern paper, and then in the advertising of the same sheet, see the humbugging Gift Enterprise of some publisher, we cannot believe in the sincerity of said paper. That our people should patronize their own home publications in preference to others, hardly admits of an argument; and if left to the decision of their own better judgment, we believe they would almost unanimously adopt this course. The responsibility for the contrary course of action, to a very great extent, must, therefore, rest upon the inconsistency of the Southern Press. And nine times out of ten the Press is equally humbugged by the people. The fair promises of pay for these puff advertisements are never met.

These views are fully substantiated by close observation. "And the immediate suggestive at this time is the following article in an Alabama paper, perfectly truthful in every word, but in said paper are two advertisements of Northern bogus papers, with great gift inducements to new subscribers.

We commend the truthfulness of the article, but deprecate the advertisements. To be consistent, why not fill the advertising space with the prospectus of a good Southern paper or magazine. Deceiving this to be the right course, we follow it, and respectfully recommend the same to others. The following is the article to which we have referred:—

**NORTHERN PUBLICATIONS.**—The Mobile Register, in commenting on the habit of Southern people patronizing Northern publications to the extent now done, advances ideas which should cause every Southern man who sends to the North for Books, Periodicals or papers, to reflect seriously whether he does not entail a serious injury on the South by so doing. The Register says:

Scarcely a mail reaches us which does not contain some new work issued from the North. Either a weekly, monthly or quarterly periodical requiring a large outlay of money, and affording a fresh channel for the literary labor of that section of the Union. That these enterprises are not entirely or even mainly dependent upon home patronage, is susceptible of proof. Whence do they derive a support? It is from the South. We do not condemn, on the contrary, we applaud them for their energy and industry, but why cannot we occupy the fields which spread out so invitingly? Why cannot our young men and young women, too, find avenues of communication with the reading public nearer home? There is capital enough, intellect enough, intelligence enough, why is no reward offered for their talent and service in the various departments of mental exertion here? Not only do we lose by this process of patronizing Northern periodicals the actual outlay made in money, but we foster inaction among our educated classes from want of a near convenient channel of speaking the public. All that might be made is lost, and habits established which disqualify our people for intellectual exertion."

**THE HENDERSON FAIR.**—Dr. Harris, the Secretary of the Granville county Agricultural Society, writes as follows, concerning the fair at Henderson week before last:

"It continued to rain up to Friday morning, when we had a storm which completely uncovered the hall in which ladies' work was exhibited. The Executive Committee held a meeting and decided to suspend operations and close the fair. We had intended to keep open till Saturday evening.

The entries were full, amounting to nearly seven hundred. Many articles were unable to put on exhibition at all.

We are now entertaining a proposition to purchase a larger fair ground and erect large halls and put every thing in full blast for future exhibitions, which bids fair to succeed. We shall no doubt be prepared to meet the casualties of the weather in future.

No premiums were awarded in consequence of the inability of the committees to examine specimens."

## NORTH CAROLINA SYNOD.

The sessions of this body was held in Charlotte last week. We are indebted to the Western Democrat for a synopsis of the proceedings.

The Opening Sermon was preached by Rev. Neill McKay, of Harroet County, (Fayetteville Presbytery.) After the sermon, the Synod was called to order, and the roll being called, it was ascertained that 20 Ministers were present from the Orange Presbytery, 30 from the Concord Presbytery, and 20 from the Fayetteville Presbytery, beside ruling elders from each of the above Presbyteries, numbering about 40.

Rev. W. W. Pharr was elected Moderator, and Rev. Jacob Doll and Rev. Martin McQueen were chosen Clerks.

On Thursday, after the appointment of the standing committees, Newbern was chosen as the place for the next meeting of Synod, on Wednesday before the third Sabbath in November, 1858.

On Friday, resolutions were offered concerning the "North Carolina Presbyterian" paper, proposed to be published in this State. The resolutions endorse the paper and pledge the members of the Synod to exert themselves in sustaining the enterprise. Short speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Cotton, Nash, Wilson, Mcbane, Chambers, Geo. McNeill and Neill, McKay, and by Hon. A. W. Venable, C. H. Wiley and Jas. W. Osborne, Esq's.

—all in favor (with one exception) of publishing the paper. The resolutions were adopted with but one dissenting voice, Rev. P. T. Penick.

Rev. James H. McNeill, Corresponding Secretary of the American Bible Society, addressed the Synod and a large audience, on Friday afternoon, with regard to the affairs of that Society. He spoke about two and a half hours, making an eloquent appeal in behalf of the Bible cause and reciting a vast amount of valuable and interesting information concerning the operations of the Society. He is a fluent and impressive speaker, and his effort was highly commended by all that we heard speak of it.

Friday night, after a Missionary sermon, the Committee on Domestic Missions reported, and Hon. A. W. Venable spoke in behalf of the cause.

The various reports made to the Synod show the Church to be in a very prosperous condition.

The Synod adjourned on Saturday night.

## THE GREENE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

The committees appointed at the primary meeting in September for the purpose of drafting a Constitution and recommending suitable persons for officers &c., being ready to report, the Chairman called a meeting for Saturday night last.

The weather was very disagreeable, but quite a number turned out and evinced much interest and spirit in the enterprise. The Association was permanently organized by the adoption of a Constitution and an election of Officers. For the information of our readers, and we hope their pleasure, we will insert the Constitution, which fully sets forth the object of the Association.

Constitution of the Greene Monument Association. Adopted at Greensboro, N. C., Oct. 24, 1857.

**I. Name and Object.**  
This Association shall be known as "The Greene Monument Association," the object of which is, to procure funds and erect, at the County-seat of Guilford, a Monument to the memory of Nathaniel Greene.

**II. Membership.**  
1. The contribution of one dollar shall constitute any person, in whose name it may be contributed, a Member of the Association.

2. The names of all the members shall, eventually, be enrolled, in alphabetical order, in a well-bound book.

## III. Officers.

1. The Officers of the Association shall be a President, thirteen Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and a Board of Managers consisting of ten members, to be chosen at each annual meeting, and to hold their offices until their successors are chosen.

2. The President, Vice Presidents, Secretaries and Treasurer shall perform the duties usually incident to such offices, and such other duties as may be prescribed by the Association.

3. The President of the Board of Managers, and the Corresponding Secretary shall be ex-officio Secretaries of said Board.

## IV. Board of Managers.

The duties of the Board of Managers shall be, to devise plans for the advancement of the object of the Association; to provide safe and profitable investment of the funds; to select a design for and superintend the erection of the Monument when sufficient funds are collected; and to make written report of their proceedings at each annual meeting. And the Board shall have power to call meetings of the Association; to appoint agents; to fill any vacancy which may occur in its own body until the succeeding election of officers; and to exercise such powers generally as the Association possesses. Five members of the Board may constitute a quorum to transact business.

## V. The Funds.

1. Any officer or agent of the Association is authorized to receive contributions, which he shall deposit with the Treasurer and take his receipt for the same with the names of the contributors endorsed thereon, which receipt shall be deposited with the Recording Secretary, who shall enroll the names and file said receipt.

2. The Recording Secretary and Treasurer shall respectively make report of contributors and state of the funds at each Annual Meeting, and to the Board of Managers when called upon.

3. No money shall be paid out of the funds of the Association, except by order of the Board of Managers, signed by their President and Secretary.

## VI. Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Association shall be held, in Greensboro, on the anniversary of the battle of Guilford, in every year. Twenty members shall constitute a quorum to do business, at an annual or called meeting.

## VII. Amendment to Constitution.

No amendment shall be made to this Constitution, except at an annual meeting and by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

After the adoption of the above Constitution, the committee on officers made their report, and the election resulted as follows:

For President: Gov. John M. Morehead.

For Vice Presidents:

Hon. John M. Dick, Rev. T. M. Jones, Rev. E. W. Carothers, Rev. J. J. Smyth, Prof. Richard Sterling, Ralph Cornell, Esq., J. W. Fitch, Esq., Hon. John A. New, Amos Rich, Esq., Eli Smith, Esq., Isaac Thacker, Esq., F. Feutres, Esq., Calvin Johnson, Esq.

For Recording Secretary, C. C. Cole. For Corresponding Secretary, Wm. L. Scott. For Treasurer, D. P. Weir.

## For Board of Managers:

John H. Lindsey, Peter Adams, Charles G. Yates, James Sloan, James R. McLean, Lyndon Swain, W. J. McConnell, Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, E. W. Ogburn, Levi M. Scott.

From the above it will be seen that any person may become a member by paying the Treasurer one dollar. This is not a yearly membership, but one for life, and will entitle the person in whose name it is presented to have his or her name enrolled in the book to be deposited for safe keeping in the archives of the County Court. The fee is made small, so that every person who enjoys the blessing bought through the instrumentality of the battle of Guilford, may have the privilege of having his name enrolled among those who wish to do honor to whom honor is due.

God bless them who desire more than

one dollar, can make any or all the members of their families, members of the Association by the payment of one dollar each. Certificates of membership will be given each person by the Treasurer in testimony of the receipt of the money.

The Association has no idea of erecting a small monument, a cheap affair. It is to be something worthy of the great Nathaniel Greene and of the County of Guilford. It is not proposed to be precipitate in raising the funds, but to collect gradually. Yet it will be advisable for all who wish to become members, to do so as early as convenient, so that the funds may be invested profitably, and they be admitted to all the privileges of the Association.

Remittances may be made through the mail, and we hope every citizen in North Carolina may feel it a duty and a pleasure to become a member of the Association.

## THE STATE FAIR.

With a complimentary ticket on the Railroad and one to the privileges of the Fair Grounds, we made it convenient to pay a trip to the City of Oaks during last week. All the Hotels were overflowing, and several hundreds were sitting or standing around the fires of the bar-rooms for the want of better accommodation. Private houses, we understand, were also crowded. But it could not have been expected otherwise, three railroads each pouring out two or three long trains of passengers daily.

The Fair Grounds were well fitted up, and as a whole, presented quite an interesting appearance. Some departments were considerably below previous exhibitions, but the superiority in others fully made up the deficiency. In one respect we were especially pleased. The machinery and farming implements, decidedly the best we ever saw, were all of North Carolina manufacture. In Mechanics' Hall, also, were many specimens of very superior skill, all the work of North Carolina. If these Fairs never do more, the spirit of enterprise already engendered will amply repay whatever of expense or labor may be expended. But in and around some of the stalls of Floral Hall were some of the finest specimens of the Fair ever exhibited from any State.

The address was delivered on Thursday by John L. Bridges, Esq., of Edgecombe. Mr. Bridges, as his address would indicate, is a practical scientific farmer, and we were highly pleased with his address. He was both instructive and entertaining. Not pretending at oratory or scientific learning, the speaker made his subjects plain to the auditory and treated in common parlance the theories of scientific farming. If published, the address will do much good, and every farmer should have a copy for his own study.

**NEW MAGAZINE.**—We had the pleasure of a visit a few days since, from A. J. Stedman, Esq., who, it will be seen by the prospectus in this paper, proposes publishing a monthly magazine in the town of Salem, in this State. Mr. Stedman is a member of the North Carolina bar, and in that position holds a very favorable reputation. In his new undertaking, we are glad to learn he has very brilliant prospects. The people of the South, and of North Carolina, especially, are fond of reading light literature, and Mr. Stedman pledges that his Magazine shall be as large, as well represented with good literary writers, and as finely illustrated as any magazine now published, and as such he rightly has claims upon our patronage. Nothing, however desirable, can flourish in our midst without support. And it is quite reasonable to suppose the support must come from our own people, for strangers have no interest in building us up. Let every friend, then, of Southern Literature, lend a helping hand—write and patronize.

**N. C. RAIL ROAD.**—We had an opportunity of witnessing a severe test of the Railroad accommodating powers last week, the occasion of the State Fair, and we believe we can say of the hundreds who passed daily over the road, not a single complaint was made. This speaks much for the energy of the President and his subordinates, as travelers are proverbially hard to please.

**FIRE AT NORMAL COLLEGE.**—We heard that the boarding house, property of D. G. Neely, Esq., but occupied by another gentleman, was entirely consumed by fire on Sunday night last. The family with all the boarders had gone to a religious meeting in the College Chapel, and during their absence it is supposed an incendiary set fire to the building. Nothing was saved by the family or students.

**THE BEAR AGAIN.**—We were mistaken last week when we supposed Bruin was making for his mountain home far away. He still passes and repasses at will through and around our goodly little city, no one molesting or making him afraid. So far, we hear of no damage, and sincerely hope the first breach of the peace may be made upon his Brainship, should hostilities become convenient.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.**—The Messrs. Appletons have now in publication an "Encyclopedia of General Knowledge," under the editorial direction of Charles A. Dana and George Ripley. W. Gilmore Simms and R. K. Crall are the chief contributors on topics of Southern literature and literary history.

**SNOW.**—We learn that in the neighborhood of Asheville, western part of this State, snow fell last week to the depth of five inches.

## PASS HIM AROUND.

James Sainsing, hailing from Henderson, N. C., for a short time a resident of Portsmouth Va.: where he carried on House Building. Has suddenly eloped to parts unknown, taking with him a characterless woman from the city of Norfolk. Said Sainsing has a large family in Henderson—but has villainously forsaken them. He is tall and slim in person, with florid complexion, and light hair, bordering on red. In leaving Portsmouth, there remains sundry Bills for Material unpaid—and certain advances made on work contracted for, is pocketed by him, without the parties thus cheated having an equivalent. We warn the Public against this scoundrel, and request the Newspaper press to pass him around. He is smooth of speech—apparently fair to deal with, and well calculated to deceive. He has gone South, and we think it a duty we owe to the Public to expose his villainy.

We see it stated that the health of Bishop Andrew is very bad, and the N. C. Christian Advocate thinks it is doubtful whether he will be able to attend the session of the Methodist Conference in this State next month. If he is unable to attend, Bishop Pierce will take his place.

**A RULE THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.**—Col. Henry and Col. Rogers, of the Nicaragua army, fought a duel with rifles near St. Louis, on Monday—distance 30 paces. At the first fire, Col. Henry received a severe wound in the head, when his challenge was withdrawn.—Exchange.

Fillibusters make good duellists, and duellists make good fillibusters.

## MARRIED.

On the evening of the 22d inst., by Rev. John H. Pickard, Mr. RALEIGH JOHNSON to Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT, all of Rockingham co.

## OBITUARY.

Indisposed to the memory of Mrs. CAROLINE DAYSPORT, who departed this life at her residence in Washington county, and in the 50th year of her age, on the 24th inst., after a long and painful illness.

Like the dying swan her last sweet notes were remembered by her loved ones. Death to the devoted martyr had lost its terrors; and the immortal smile of triumph lighted her pale cheek, and spread its unearthly beauty over her marble brow, told that the destroyer "Dared not steal the signet ring of Heaven."

But a few weeks before the destroying hand of death had torn the genial current of her life, how many relatives and friends fondly gazed with the most doating concern upon that being who ever moved through the circle of society as the center of pride and attraction, and the object around which their most fervent affections dwelt. But an All-wise Providence, and the unrelenting mysteries of his inscrutable dispensations, has removed from our midst the darling of your love, and the idol of your heart, to be transplanted into that realm of celestial delight—the broad pavilion of her Eden-home.

Her being fades to bloom again in beauty's angelic bosom.

Where virtue's loveliest daughters dwell, and ruin hath no power.

There will she ever live and flourish in the tinseled parterres of that bright world, and shine in all the resplendent robes of her new-made Palestine. And there will she chant unending praises of a Savior's love, pillowed upon a bed of unwithering roses, that distill the sweet nectar of their dewy fragrance to the balmy atmosphere, where so pure a pilgrim upon her knees in prayer, may drink forever the glowing transept of a new and better life.

But though like a sunset cloud she has melted into the blue of heaven, where with the golden embroidery of rainbow-sky, she burns with golden welcome, and mingles in unending loveliness upon the ethereal fields and enchanted heights of elevated bliss, still from the mansions of our earth, and the dear and cherished temples of our hearts, will the absence of her presence, and the departure of her spirit, penetrate the bosoms she loved best, and breathe a dirge like requiem in memory's tones over the tomb that embosoms her sacred ashes.

The subject of these meditations was a striking exemplification of those christian excellences, which, believe me, gentle readers, are but the true glory and the enduring bliss of woman. These are the proper elements of a rational and perennial enjoyment, and while she cultivated and cherished these as the true sources of her own happiness, she ever pleased the necessity and exalted the advantage of uniting the cultivation of her moral nature, while seeking to improve her physical and intellectual powers. She was a uniform, consistent and devoted member of the P. E. church, and by her pleasant, delightful and gently conversational, together with her amiable, gentle and lady-like character, aided by graceful and accomplished manners, and a modest, serene and attractive address, she ever moved as a glory and illumination throughout the sphere and circle of her acquaintance. 'Tis in the pure unclouded mirror of private life, that the soul is reflected, and the attributes of the heart exhibited in their true light and most genuine excellence. There, shrinking from the gaze of the world, and unseen save by the All-seeing eye of Him, does virtue bloom the loveliest and diffuse its richest fragrance abroad. There, erect as a dream of heaven, whisper the voice of clarity. There, soft as the flow of Siloa's sacred brook, springs the pure fountain of philanthropy, whose gentle stream waters the barren desert of life and imparts a balmy fragrance to the moral atmosphere of the world. 'Tis there that the generous spirit builds for itself a monument that endures after the ephemeral pageantry of terrestrial glory has vanished and is forgotten. And these did she, who, for herself a fame more morally glorious than that which hovers around the tropic star, and embelished our earth.

For warm and affectionate in disposition, benign and tender in feeling, and happily constituted in possessing the noblest principles and emotions of humanity—at all times her unobscured mirror of private life, that the soul is reflected, and the attributes of the heart exhibited in their true light and most genuine excellence. There, shrinking from the gaze of the world, and unseen save by the All-seeing eye of Him, does virtue bloom the loveliest and diffuse its richest fragrance abroad. There, erect as a dream of heaven, whisper the voice of clarity. There, soft as the flow of Siloa's sacred brook, springs the pure fountain of philanthropy, whose gentle stream waters the barren desert of life and imparts a balmy fragrance to the moral atmosphere of the world. 'Tis there that the generous spirit builds for itself a monument that endures after the ephemeral pageantry of terrestrial glory has vanished and is forgotten. And these did she, who, for herself a fame more morally glorious than that which hovers around the tropic star, and embelished our earth.

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# THE TIMES.

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Young man to wait on Louisa home last night?

"My dear Louisa," said Mrs. Johnson, "don't explode right off! do wait a minute till I get out of the way; or the consequences might be dreadful. Why, you might even lose your dear wife!"

"Dear wife—dear demon! Why, what are you doing? plotting against me—getting Louisa married without my knowledge—what in creation has got into you?"

"Into you, rather; for you puff and blow like a high-pressure steamboat!"

"But do tell me if you allowed Louisa to walk home with that penniless rascal?"

"Penniless! penniless, indeed! Why, he has more money than you and Louisa both!"

"And where did he get it?"

"Why, his uncle died the other day and left him a fortune!"

"Yes; the fortune of an example—and a bad name! that is all the fortune he left him!"

"Who told you so?"

"The telegraph!"

"O! the telegraph is a liar and always was."

"Not half so big a liar as Thom. Finley is."

"But he flourishes a large cane—has a splendid gold watch—and besides came to town in a coach and four with half a dozen outriders. At least, so they tell me."

"Fudge! how easily you are imposed upon."

"But I saw them all!"

"O! yes; you saw wonders—but where is Louisa?"

"She has retired."

"Well, to-morrow morning I am going to send her to Parson Williams' Boarding School; and there she will be watched with the eyes of an Argus!"

"But what does Mr. Bertrane say about this?"

"He objects, of course."

"Well, husband—he is a pretty wise man."

"O! yes; in your estimation—and so is every other man but your husband."

"He was wise once."

"Not when he married!"

"But he wasn't the biggest fool—then; I mean—"

"No; but he got fooled that time."

"And he will get fooled again."

"If his wife conspires against him."

"His wife never does that."

"Didn't she countenance Louisa Dalton in receiving the attentions of Thom. Finley last night?"

"No, indeed! She told her that it was very improper for her to walk with a young gentleman—that young ladies were not made for that purpose—that they were made to be nuns! And never to think of a man! I never thought of one till I was out of my teens, and that I wished I hadn't then!"

"And what did she say?"

"Say? she didn't speak for half an hour!"

"What then?"

"Why, she came into my room and said that she was surprised to hear me talk so, that she thought I was one of the happiest women she ever saw and had the best husband in the world!"

"And so you excused her."

"No, indeed, I told her that matrimony was a blessed thing to look at—but a horrible one to experience—that if I was single, I would as soon think of cutting my throat as of getting married!"

"And so you made a fool of yourself, did you?"

"Yes; for I had done it once before, and I thought it could do no great harm to do it again."

"Well, get Louisa ready, will you, for I will have her off by nine o'clock!"

"To-night?"

"No, to-morrow morning, of course, I don't allow of her going out nights."

"How far is it, husband, to North Carolina?"

"I am not going to North Carolina."

"Where then?"

"To Alabama!"

"O! you intend to get her a long shot out of the way?"

"Yes; out of the way of Thom. Finley."

"Well, I will have her ready by nine."

Thus Mr. Johnson had arranged things much to his satisfaction—and had given orders to his servants to put his fastest horses to his carriage, by half past eight o'clock, and Jack to be in his best, all ready.

The next morning Jack was up in time, and had all things in readiness, and Mrs. Johnson too had Louisa's trunk put aboard the carriage, just at the moment.

In the meantime Mr. Johnson slept the more soundly, knowing that now Louisa would be out of the reach of Thom. Finley, and under the charge of the Argus-eyed old maid, Miss Williams, the sister of the Principal of the Boarding School.

He had given Jack directions to call him just fifteen minutes before the time of starting, and to have in readiness for him a strong cup of coffee—all he wanted, he said, till he got to Alabama, and his bird caged. As for her, he added she might take a few cakes along, if his wife had any, for one thing was pretty certain, if she went to a Boarding School, she wouldn't get many there.

A brighter morning never dawned than the one in question, and Mrs. Johnson and Louisa had shed all their tears in parting when Jack, according to the directions of his mistress, was sent up stairs to call his master.

Instantly upon this, a fine looking mustached young gentleman rushed out of the grove, adjoining the house into the carriage, and seizing the reins, drove off at full speed! Jack, hearing the noise, cried out,

"Master! Master! the horses are running away!"

"And, faith, so they are," said he, springing up out of bed,—"go, Jack—go!"

"Go where Master?"

"To the old Harry!"

"Master, I don't like to go to there!"

"Well, go and bring those horses back."

"Master, Miss Louisa is aboard the carriage!"

"Horror! horror! I have killed her then. Fate preserve her!"

So the "good" man sprang for the street, but the horses were far, far out of sight. And his wife was crying, crying like a baby!—all in tears!—poor Louisa—poor Louisa! My husband has killed you! She will be killed, most surely! Don't you think she will, husband? Say, my dear husband, don't you think she will?"

"Dear! demon! Excuse me, my dear wife—I do wish I had listened to you, and if Louisa ever comes back again, I will—I will!"

"Alive, you mean, husband."

"Yes, or dead either!"

But in a few hours Thom. Finley and his fair Louisa were safe in Carolina—and—"no longer twain but one!"

The next day Thom. Finley sent back the horses and carriage to Mr. Johnson and told him that as he had the car he might have the vehicle and animals, for "he had no further use for them at present!"

Mr. Johnson, on getting this message, went up stairs to his room, and felt like a fool—his wife and the rest of the party felt better.

Jefferson's Portrait of Washington.

The subjoined sketch of the life, character and services of General Washington, is from the pen of Mr. Jefferson, and is to be found in a letter of his, to Dr. Walker Jones, dated at Monticello, January 23, 1814. It is a powerfully drawn picture, and being entirely free from fulsome panegyric, or attempt at exaggeration, we commend it to the careful attention of our readers, as embodying in a short space all that need be said of that great and good man. It is written in the concise and vigorous style for which its illustrious author was so remarkable, and is worthy of being treasured in the memory of every admirer of the "Father of his Country," or the immortal writer and signer of the Declaration of Independence.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, with-out being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.

It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion.

Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best, and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was distracted by certain circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston or New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed: refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or sanguinity, of friendship or hatred being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, good, and great man.

His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls for charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horse-back. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation; his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas.

In public, when called on for his opinions, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly in reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours, in doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass perfect—in nothing

had; in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance; for his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country through an arduous war, for establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military; of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. I felt on his death, with my countrymen, that "verily a great man hath this day fallen in Israel."

Farm, House and Fun.

BLANKETS.—Blankets were first made at Bristol, in England, by a poor weaver, named Thomas Blanket, who gave his name to his peculiar manufacture of woollen cloths.

TO CLEANSE FEATHER BEDS.—Rub them over with a stiff brush, dipped in hot soap-suds. When clean, lay them on a shed, or any other clean place, where the rain will fall on them. When thoroughly soaked, let them dry in a hot sun, for six or seven successive days, shaking them up well, and turning them over each day. They should be covered over with a thick cloth during the night: if exposed to the night air, they will become damp and mildewed.

TO MAKE GINGER SNAPS.—Take one tablespoonful of ginger, one of lard, one teaspoonful of saleratus, half a pint of molasses, half a teaspoonful of water, with a sufficiency of flour. Knead soft, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.

FELONS.—Flesh is seldom heir to a searer ill than a bad felon. We see it stated, (but whether by way of puffing a quack medicine or not, we cannot say) that to hold a felon for half an hour in Perry Davis's Pain-Killer, will effect a cure. The Pain-Killer is a good medicine of its kind, and the thing is certainly worth trying.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.—Our admiration for woman is not diminished by a knowledge of her amiable weaknesses. Vanity which is conceded to be her "besetting sin," assumes a sweet form we scarcely regard it culpable; for its influence is almost always ascribable to a generous desire to afford pleasure to others. While, therefore, we laugh good-humoredly at some of her venial foibles, we do not lose one iota of our love and respect for her. We know many of the sex who, while acknowledging the futility of the following palpable bit, will throughly enjoy it with us:

Lost Fond Looks.—When a lady (we are talking of a lady in the full height and breadth of fashion) has got the bonnet and gloves on, and is perfectly ready with her parasol in hand, she always goes back to the looking-glass to take a last fond look. Upon our asking "a dear handsome duchess if this was not the truth, she had the charming candor to state: "Yes, my dear Punch, it is the truth, but not all the truth. No woman, take my word for it, is satisfied with one look. At least I know that I am not, for (and here our duchess laughed, as though she was pleased with herself and all the world) I don't mind telling you, I invariably take four good ones. The first look in the glass is for myself, that's fair; the second is for my husband, that's nothing but just; the third is for my friends, that's only generous, and the last is for my rivals, that's human nature. If the last look satisfies me, then I know it is all right, and I assure you I never take any more."—London Punch.

Do not be hasty to believe flying reports, to the disparagement of any one.

You cannot fathom your mind.—There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and plentiful it will be.

The women who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year, and hung em to dry on a bee line.

The parent who would train up a child in the way it should go, must go in the way in which he would train up the child.

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels where-with they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

Weep for love, but never for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.

To all who suffer from Weakness and Debility, we say, try the Oxygenated Bitter—a medicine which contains no alcohol, and has cured the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Asthma, and all derangements of the stomach.

TO PURCHASERS OF Cabinet Furniture.

From 20 to 30 per cent. saved. See advertisement of FOSTER & LEE, 55 Bowery, New York, in the principal newspapers of Wilmington, Raleigh, Newbern, Fayetteville, &c.

Catalogues containing List of Prices, will be sent free of postage, on application.

THE REVISED CODE.

COPIES received and for sale.

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E. W. OGBURN.

NOTICE! SELLABLE

Land Sale in Caswell Co., N. C.

ON TUESDAY, 30 NOVEMBER,

1857, we shall offer for sale the land of Thomas Garrett, dec'd, one of the most valuable tracts in the country, containing some 690 Acres more or less. This land is situated on the public road leading from High Rock to Yanceyville, 1 mile from Camp Spring Meeting House, 5 miles from Yanceyville, and 10 miles from Yanceyville. It is one of the most desirable locations in Caswell county, well watered and about half HEAVILY TIMBERED with the best Oak and Poplar, and within half a mile of a good Saw Mill. There is also one of the best orchards on the premises in the county. The said Land adjoins the lands of the late Thomas